

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 10

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1926.

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MRS. MAY LOUISE HASTINGS

Born July 8, 1877, died June 16, 1926. With a sadness too deep for tears I write the name of this dearly loved woman, knowing she has gone beyond our mortal vision.

It is hard for us to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done," when our hearts are torn with a grief that well nigh breaks them.

Though we have been taught from our earliest infancy that God doeth all things well; we are often led to exclaim when such an affliction as this comes and we are called to part with one near and dear to us.

"I drop my broken crutch of trust And bend my arrows, bending to the dust— Because I must."

Mrs. Hastings was a devoted wife whose greatest happiness was in bringing comfort and joy to her home and husband.

A wise mother who was both counselor and companion to her boys—a trusted friend and neighbor, a loyal worker in the Grange where she has held various offices, always performing her duties with dignity and efficiency.

She was born in Bethel, the daughter of Hiram Wallace and Ellen Cushman Fife, and acquired her education in the common schools and Gould Academy.

On October 10, 1894, she was married to George Kimball Hastings and went to the Hastings farm at East Bethel to live. Two sons, Robert Deatur and William Straw Hastings, were born to them.

Mrs. Hastings had been failing in health and strength for some time and went to the hospital in Lewiston for treatment. Hopes were had that she would return home in a much improved condition but the skill of able physicians failed and the gentle spirit winged its way to the "Land Beautiful."

She leaves her husband and two sons, as sister, Mrs. E. O. Millett of South Paris, one brother, John Fife of Rumford Center, and one nephew, Merion Millett of South Paris, and the friends who mourn with them are countless.

Funeral services were held at her late home Saturday the 18th of June, Rev. W. C. Curtis of Auburn speaking tender comforting words. The body was laid to rest beneath a profusion of beautiful flowers.

When bowed with a weight of sadness We see dimly through our tears, And we long for the sweet toned music Of a voice we have loved for years.

Then it's hard to repeat "Our Father," And "Thy will be done," to say, When the one we have loved the dearest Has been called by God away.

The sun's golden gleams of splendor Shine soft from the cloudless West, But how can we look at its beauty When sorrow is filling our breast?

The birds carol soft from the tree tops— We rare not for their musical strain, For death has so surely and swiftly Filled our lives with bitterest pain.

You tell us the flowers are blooming: Of you cannot comfort us so, For over our hearts unrelenting Sweep the rushing waters of woe.

In vain we list for the footsteps That oft sounded so buoyant and free, As in vain we long for the coming Of one we shall never more see. Until we are freed from earth's troubles And pass over the narrow way To the gates of that wonderful city, Where eternity seems but a day.

We are taught that in loving kindness Such trials to us are given: In sadness we bow to God's power— And there's one more waiting in Heaven.

A. K. M.

Noted, June 20, 1926. Mrs. Bessie Andrews and son and Mrs. A. M. Merrill and daughter left Wednesday for Winter Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Foster of Everett, Mass., have arrived at their home on Sunday River for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brink and children and Mrs. Brown motored to Orono, N. H., recently. Mrs. Brown remained for a visit.

In last week's Citizen it was reported that Mrs. F. E. Russell was called to New Vinland by the death of her stepfather. It should have read stepmother.

Among those who attended the Bankers' Convention at Poland Springs, Saturday, were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park, and daughter, Muriel, Mrs. F. A. Tibbels, Mr. E. M. Walker, Miss Harriet Merrill and Mr. F. D. Merrill.

IN MEMORIAM

Another good woman has finished her earthly tasks and the community mourns her passing.

Ella Hapgood Lyon was a life long resident of Bethel and always an active and energetic worker for the good of town, school, church and society.

Her first interest was her husband and home, her daughter and her grandchildren, and for these dear ones she lived to serve.

But in her great-hearted generosity and capabilities she found time to serve others in many ways.

A member of Brown Relief Corps, and ever interested in its welfare. For twenty-eight years a member of Sunset Rebekah Lodge, Past Noble Grand, and an active officer and worker up to the last.

Bethel Grange has enjoyed her support and valued her allegiance during many successful years.

In the parish of the Congregational Church her executive ability on innumerable committees has been a culminating factor.

An exemplary housekeeper and expert needlewoman, her skill and ingenuity turned the tide in many a neighborhood emergency.

A gift of keenness and comprehension made her an incomparable friend and her ear was quick and her hand ever ready to sense another's need.

The many paths she trod were ever those of peace. She had no time or patience with dissension and all her energies were for promotion and progress.

Her smiling presence was a tonic to all with whom she mingled and her dauntless spirit served her well.

With even the insidious ravages of disease to combat, she kept her courage and her smile.

Borne by tender brotherly hands, she was laid to rest amid a profusion of flowers, mute testimony of hosts of friends, in peaceful Woodlawn Cemetery, where the softly sighing pines stand guard.

MRS. MINNIE (SHAW) CROSS

Mrs. Cross was born in Arieht, Nova Scotia, sixty-eight years ago. She became the wife of Ernest Cross in Portland, Maine, some thirty-eight years ago and came to Bethel where she has lived with the exception of some three years spent in Massachusetts.

Two children were born to them, Florence, who married N. C. Machin, and has lived at home with her parents, and Edgar, who married Gladys Bennett, and lives near the old home.

Mrs. Cross was a quiet and industrious home maker, although ever devoted to her husband and children. No deed of neighborly kindness was left undone if the opportunity came wherein she could be of service as long as her health permitted.

She had been an invalid for a number of years and last March she suffered a shock from which she never recovered, lingering in a partially unconscious state until Wednesday morning the 16th of June she quietly passed on to the Higher Life.

She was a member of the Methodist Church of Bethel, Mass., and belonged to the W. C. T. U. of Bethel.

Besides her husband and the two above mentioned children she leaves a son, by a former marriage, Herbert Leighton, of Melrose, Mass., and four sisters, Mrs. Charles Adams of Bethel, Mass., Mrs. Stephen Palmer of Everett, Mass., Mrs. John B. Shaw and Mrs. Thomas Edwards of Arieht, N. H.

Funeral services were held at her late home Friday, Rev. C. H. Oliver giving much consolation with his comforting words to the bereaved family. Interment was in the cemetery at West Bethel.

Who has entered the gates of that city, The city not made by hands, She has passed from earthly duties To the beautiful heavenly land.

But sadly we turn to our labors For mother has gone from the home, Of we miss the dear form by the window And the days seem weary and lone.

Yet we know she would bid us cease weeping For the Master's ways ever are best, For her form we last saw as if sleeping Her spirit roams free with the blest.

Bethel, June 18th, 1926.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the neighbors, friends and relatives for their many kindnesses, and for the beautiful floral tributes, and to the pastor for his words of comfort.

MR. ERNEST CROSS, MR. AND MRS. N. C. MACHIN, MR. AND MRS. HIRSH CROSS.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

A STRAIGHT TIP

You can take it from the "man high up" that the Nation is thriving, since it has been stated officially by the White House that business conditions of the country are "very healthy." The White House statement says that customs receipts show much importation of both raw material and finished products, which indicates large scale manufacture in the United States and an ability on the part of the people to purchase such commodities as they desire. Approximately \$5,000,000,000 will come due in the next two years in Government payments, including the third Liberty Loan. It was pointed out in the White House statement that Government bonds are selling at a premium.

BUSINESS FOR THE MERGERS

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has officially gone on record in favor of the consolidation of the railroads. The Chamber has a perfectly organized file with the business organizations of the country, and as a result of the canvass of the situation it has thrown its influence in favor of the pending Parker bill, which is designed to facilitate voluntary railroad consolidation. Theoretically, the whole world wants consolidations of railroads, but every time attempts are made to work out some of them it is found that promoters of the Van Sweringen kind have a little bigger hidden in the wood pile, in dealing with the millions involved in railroad mergers the promoters—for promoters are everywhere—seem to have more interest in taking care of themselves than they have in looking after the majority and minority of stockholders whose money is at stake.

EAST MEETS WEST

All Christians who are inclined to dispute the statement that the Koran is a modern book are expected to take notice of the fact that the Egyptian government has published and offered for sale a large edition of the Koran, through the Egyptian Library, well illustrated in a substantial volume, printed on an attractive grade of heavy paper, with typography strictly up to date, all bound in modern American fabric. Two colors of this material, red and green, have been used in this edition. The covers in both colors are highly decorative in their treatment, and the Americanized Koran has been commented on in the news dispatches as another instance where "East meets West," and as is generally the case, both benefit thereby.

THE BYRD

Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd will receive the congratulations of the Government. The event will be in charge of a committee of Congress that will extend the welcome of the United States Government to the men who initiated the birds in their flight over the North Pole. The achievement has been proclaimed by Congress as one of "dauntless courage, unerring skill and characteristic American alertness," which distinguishes Byrd and "makes a valuable contribution to Polar exploration and reflecting great honor on his country."

FEDERAL JUDGES

There has been a fight to a finish in Congress this year to secure an increase in the number of Federal District Judges, and the battle is still on. The Federal Courts have been swamped with cases, a large percentage of which have come from the illegal liquor traffic. Of course the courts have to try cases—trials, hearings, and all—and the prohibition officers couldn't do it with things as much there wouldn't be an arm's business in the Federal Courts. And these busy schedules are the ones who have been able to keep the Government from building up a proper amount of Federal machinery for the Federal Courts to try the cases of law. The work can think of every device to frustrate prohibition and prohibition enforcement. Even when the President issued an executive order enabling State officials to cooperate with the Federal Government, they threw such successful fits that many people were deceived into thinking there was something wrong about the order.

SUMMERTIME

The calendar says that summertime is here. President Coolidge is setting the style of going away into the remote hills to rest. Up to date the thermometer hasn't recognized the summer season, and the National Capital has been comfortable and cool. But with Coolidge going to the Adirondacks and Chief Justice Taft to Murray Bay, Quebec, the psychology of vacation has conquered Congress. The result will likely be somewhat disastrous to farm legislation.

(Continued on page 4)

CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE CHURCHES IN BETHEL

The following program was carried out at the Universalist church last Sunday in the observance of Children's Day.

Processional Invocation, Eleanor Everett Solo, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me"

Christening Welcome, Beatrice Merrill School Chorus, Edward Robertson Margaret Gallant Evelyn Hunt Junior Bennett Primary Boys Miss Farwell's Class Stanley Gallant Robert Moore Primary Girls School Chorus, Miss Farwell's Class

Marion and Muriel Brink Lloyd Chapin Barbara Bean

Mr. Easternhouse Pauline LaRue Phyllis Hunt

Howard and Josephine Thurston Mrs. Bennett

Tableau, Phyllis and Evelyn Hunt, Edgar Coolidge School Chorus, Tableau, Flag Salute, Marlan and Rita Hutchins Congregation Benediction

The exercises at the Methodist church were as follows: Congregation Singing, Scripture reading and prayer Ronald Tyler Earlyn Wentzell Exercises, "Shine for Jesus," Lillian Kelly, Mary Wheeler Recitation, "An Aviator," Elmer Bartlett

Exercise, "Flowers," Virginia Berry, Rodney Wentzell, Carolyn Wood, Winifred Robertson Recitation, "Whistling," Floyd Bartlett

Pageant, "Youth's Coronation Day" Characters Youth, Mrs. C. B. Oliver Eugene Hasleton Esther Lapham Dorothea Barbakoff

Followers of Service, Beryl Brown Followed of Self, Gladys Gibbs Thoughts, Helen Anderson, Marjorie Berry, Phyllis Davis Words, Frank Littlehale, Stanley Hamlin

Deeds, Robert Littlehale, Wilson Bartlett, Guy Gibbs, Traffon Bartlett, Arthur Gibbs, Edridge Berry Talents, Ruth Anlin, Dorothy Hutchins, Margaret Hamlin, Rita Bryant

Standard Bearer, Richard Davis Florence Bean Verma Berry Marjorie Twitcheil Eldora Merrill Shirley Benson Spirit of Pagan Lands, Priscilla York Spirit of War, Wendell Gibbs Gladys Gibbs

Church, Myrtle Wilson Eight Messengers, Mildred Vail, Margaret Hall, Vivian Berry, Ada Halentine, Carolyn Wood, Mary Wheeler, Lillian Kelly, Mary Robertson

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vashaw and daughter, Elvira, and Mrs. Estelle Goodridge were in Pontak, N. H., Tuesday to attend the 5th day of the American Chemical Engineers Association. Mr. Vashaw had charge of the sports for the day.

The work of making repairs at the congregational church has begun. The dining room and kitchen have been torn out and extensive alterations will be made. Mr. J. B. Harrison has the work in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Rabideau and grandson, and Mr. Fred Woodward and family and Mrs. Hattie Shaw of Milan, N. H., Mrs. Glenn Swan and daughter, Glenyce, returned home with them after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Rabideau.

Mr. and Mrs. Wessie Andrews of Whitesville, Mass., came to Bethel last week to visit relatives. Mr. Andrews has returned home but Mrs. Andrews will remain for a longer visit.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowers of Rumford were callers at John Wood's, Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Eaman of Rumford is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Hand.

Mrs. Edwards of Orlisfield was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Leroy Hamlin.

Mrs. Brickett's junior pupils will give a recital in Garland Chapel, Friday evening, June 25th.

Miss Vivian Wight has returned home from Jackson College.

Miss Mabel Herrick visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Herrick, in Greenwood last week.

Dr. R. R. Tibbets attended the reunion of Bowdoin Class of 1901 at Brunswick, Wednesday.

Rev. W. C. Curtis of Auburn was called here Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs. G. K. Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Smith of California are on their way to Bethel. Mr. Smith was a former Bethel boy.

Mrs. George Conner, who has been assisting in the care of Mrs. Ernest Cross, has returned to her home.

Ashby Tibbets has returned from a week's visit at Portland, Old Orchard, Peak's Island and Riverton Park.

Miss Marjorie Twitcheil of Litchfield, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oran Benson, returned home Monday.

Mrs. E. B. Farrar and children of Randolph, N. H., were last week's guests of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Demeritt.

Dean & Fox Co. have installed a new Chadwick & Co. refrigerator and are preparing to carry a full line of meats.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hodgkins and son, Perley, of Hiram, Me., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Cate.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brody and Mrs. Harris White of Haverhill, Mass., were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Spearin of Albion, Me., and Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Littlehale are camping at Wilson's Mills this week.

Miss Esther Tyler, who is a teacher in the high school at Deering, Maine, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Among the new cars in town we note Miss Alice Mason with a new Buick coupe, Mrs. P. L. Edwards with a new Hudson brougham.

Mrs. C. B. Oliver, Misses Eugenia Hasleton, Mildred Keene and Gladys Gibbs are at Kent's Hill this week attending the Epworth League Institute.

Helen Stevens, young daughter of L. C. Stevens of the Middle Intervale road fell from a table Saturday and broke both bones in her right arm below the elbow.

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BREWSTER NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR

The primaries Monday brought out a large vote all over the State. Governor Ralph O. Brewster was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor.

In Oxford County Brewster defeated Thayer in practically every town. There was no contest in the Democratic ticket.

For the office of Register of Deeds (Eastern District) there were five candidates, Hazel B. Conary of Norway, Elmer W. Cummings of Paris, Fred O. Davis of Paris, Harvey E. Powers of Paris, and Robert E. Shaw of Paris. Harvey Powers was nominated with Robert Shaw a close second.

For the office of County Treasurer two candidates were seeking the nomination, Harry M. Shaw of Paris defeating J. W. Q. Perham of Woodstock by a good margin.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

Edwin A. Goldsworthy, Pastor

On Thursday evening at 7.30 there will be a business meeting of the Ladies' Aid in the chapel. Choir rehearsal will be held in the church on Friday at 7.30 P. M. The Church School will meet at the close of the morning services except the boys' class which will meet at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. This class is for all boys of high school age and for the older boys in grammar school.

The service on Sunday morning will be a memorial service of the Pleasant Valley Grange. The pastor's topic will be "Flesh and Blood." The evening address will be "What a College Man Thinks of Jesus."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street

Services Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject for the lesson sermon, "Evolved by Atomic Force."

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. C. B. Oliver, Minister

We have five young people at Kent's Hill this week. We hope that none of them has the German measles. Any wishing to contribute to their comfort of body or pocket-book may do so now.

The address is Kent's Hill, Maine, Conference Epworth League Institute. They will come home singing, we hope, "The Institute has cultivated me, ha, ha, I'm game."

There is no Ladies' Aid this week. Remember the program for all day Friday at Norway. Miss Mary Pearson from Mexico (not Mexico, Maine) will be the chief speaker. Consult Mrs. Lyman Wheeler for further information.

Next Sunday will show a high tide of attendance at our Church School. We begin at 8.45.

The message Sunday morning is "The Fear of The Lord."

Sunday evening at 7.30 after the special Junior and Intermediate Chorus the minister will speak on "The Power of The Mind."

Let the Epworth League meet in special prayer for the climax of the Institute to be great in its dedication of life, young life.

Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6.30 o'clock.

There is good news concerning our summer program. Watch this column. The Year Books have come. You can get yours on Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. C. Easternhouse, Minister

Next Sunday the Rev. Eleanor Forbes of West Paris will preach at 10.45. Last Sunday at the Children's Day service the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and six children were christened which was followed by a tea program.

The Ladies' Circle will serve a supper Wednesday, June 23, at 6.15 P. M. to the members and friends of the parish. This is for the purpose of opening the Sunshine Bazaar. Will those not solicited please bring party.

NOYES-HAINES

Mr. Leslie Noyes of Greenwood and Mrs. Bernice Haines of Bethel were united in marriage June 25 by Rev. C. B. Oliver.

Mr. Noyes is the son of Mr. Frank Noyes of Norway.

Mrs. Noyes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Haines of Bethel, and a graduate of Gould Academy in the class of 1924.

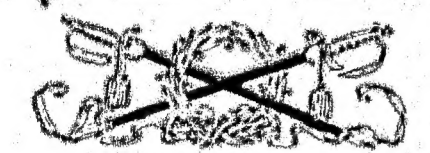
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. R. Tibbets, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Carver, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Moore and Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Treadwell attended the Shriner's Field Day at Gorham, N. H., Saturday.

BUNKER HILL FOREVER SACRED GROUND



Lost for years, John Trumbull's famous painting, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," has been found in Wash. and now hangs in the office of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Glorious Memories of Bunker Hill



ON THE seventeenth day of June, 1775—151 years ago—during two hours of a hot Saturday afternoon, was fought the first battle of the war that made America a nation. There had been preceding skirmishes and bloodshed, but the engagements at Lexington and Concord were merely the unorganized resistance of a suddenly aroused community to a mob, fighting in self-defense.

The second to his mob of Minute men was a mobilized army with an aggressive plan, and its engagement with the troops of England on this date was a battle in the military sense, that committed the colonies beyond recall to open war. It was a battle to every one as the battle of Bunker Hill, and perhaps not one in a thousand are aware that it was not fought on Bunker Hill, that the famous monument bearing that name does not stand on Bunker Hill, and that Bunker Hill has little more to do with that memorable fight than did any one of a half-dozen other nearby hills. The confusion here of the Charles and Myrtle rivers has made an intricate and peculiar system of these protrusions, separated from the one on which Boston stands by the Charles, rose here and there into hills that if fortified would command the water on three sides and also the town of Boston. These protrusions were known as Bunker Hill, Breed's Hill, Mather's Hill, Town Hill, etc. Town Hill probably took its name from the village of Charlestown, which stood on the peninsula, while Bunker's Hill was named for the batteries do not say.

Interested on Bunker Hill.

Bunker Hill, the great about ten feet above the water level, was the highest, but Breed's was within easy gun range of Boston. When the American army invaded the city the fortification of the Charlestown peninsula was a matter of military importance to both belligerents, and the practical command forestalled the British in the possession by sending a force to occupy it. It was not until the first of July that the British moved on to Bunker Hill, and the first of July was the day after the capture of the city. The capture of the city was the first of the war, and the capture of the city was the first of the war.

Washington in Command.

It was on June 15, the day before Bunker Hill, that the command of Washington was to be commander in chief of the Continental army. This was done on the initiative and strong advice of John Adams of Massachusetts and on the advice of Thomas Mifflin of Maryland, and the command was given to Washington. The command was given to Washington, and the command was given to Washington.

WHERE LAFAYETTE SHOWED HIS METTLE

A photograph of the monument at Washington, D.C., where the Marquis de Lafayette, at the head of American troops, administered a beating to British troops on September 11, 1777.

The English threw red-hot shot that fired the village, and while it burned, to the accompaniment of cannonading of the fortified height by the English vessels and the batteries on the Boston shore, the redcoats marched up the hill slope three times, only to be moved down each time and routed temporarily by the murkiness of the patriots. Thousands of Boston citizens watched the fight from their house-tops.

Great American Victory.

The defenders were driven out finally owing to their shortage of ammunition, but the effect was that of an American victory, and an important one. It taught the English what they had not before realized, that the colonies were in deadly earnest. As our historian says: "From that moment there was no possibility of a return to a colonial position, and though more than seven years of battle followed, the most bloody of all, and the most stupor-contending, has proved to be also the most critical."

Concerning Bunker Hill the same writer says: "The height on which the battle was fought had no distinctive name before that time, but was known as pastures belonging to different men, Breed being one of them. After the



New view of Bunker hill monument, looking up Monument street from Medford street, Charlestown, Mass.

the hill was called Breed's hill, but as the detachment was sent to put up fortifications on Bunker hill, that designation came to the fight. Hence the confusion of names which has been a steady reader out of Massachusetts.

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was the feeling that this was merely a civil war, like that between the parliamentary and royalist forces in Cromwell's time, and was not an actual revolution for severance from the British empire. On June 10, the day before Bunker Hill, Washington formally accepted the election, uttering as he did so words worthy of all remembrance as a vivid and vital revelation of the spirit of "the greatest man on that floor."

"Lost some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept of this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

Colonial Army Inadequate.

The next day, at the very hour when the battle was raging at Bunker Hill, the congress, all unconscious of what was happening at Charlestown, formally approved the form of commission to be given to Washington; on June 19 the commission was signed and delivered to him; and on June 21 he set out on horseback from Philadelphia for New York. Four days later, at New York, he first learned of the battle which had been fought eight days before; whereupon he pushed on with redoubled energy. He reached Charlestown on July 2, and slept that night in the Vassall mansion, afterward known as the "Vassall house," and still later the home of Longfellow. On the next morning, July 3, he assumed command of an army of about 17,000 men, of whom not more than 14,500 were fit for duty. The pitiful inadequacy of equipment may be estimated from the fact that there was enough powder to provide only eight cartridges to each man. No wonder that Washington's first two letters to congress were urgent pleas for more ammunition!

Proved Colonists' Caliber.

Such were the circumstances at Bunker Hill; a battle of an hour and a half, in which the patriots never had more than 1,500 men engaged at once, yet which, according to a great British historian, "exhibited the Americans to all the world as a people to be courted by allies, and counted with by foes."

From the end of the Middle Ages to the close of the Thirty Years' war in 1648, the most important conflicts were religious in character. For the next hundred years, struggles were domestic or colonial. From Bunker Hill to Waterloo there reigned the empire of opposing political ideas. In another way Bunker Hill is notable. It was one of the earliest battles in which marksmanship showed itself a factor of possible defeat. The deadly fire of the complete line of the British infantry drove them back, and would have done so third or fourth time but for the fact that the British were supplied in superior quantities. Almost for the first time in the history of the world, the British were defeated by a more powerful army.

Warwick and Stratford.

Warwick is one of the most interesting towns in England. Its history goes back more than a thousand years to the foundation of the castle by Elizabeth, the famous daughter of King Alfred. The present building dates from the thirteenth century and is one of the finest of English towers. It is built from the very best of the Avon.

Warwick and Stratford.

Warwick and Stratford.

Canoeing on English Rivers



Swans on the Avon at Warwick Castle.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

NO BETTER idea of English country and village life can be obtained than by a canoe trip along the Thames, the Chertwell and the Avon. Except in the immediate neighborhood of Stratford, the Avon is little known—a surprising fact when one remembers that for beauty of scenery and historical interest it is second only to the Thames, while, as providing a series of pictures of English country life unspoiled by modern innovations, it is the Thames' superior.

The Thames needs little introduction. Within the small compass of about a hundred miles it shows just what is characteristic in English scenery, history and modern life. The monuments of the past, the peaceful pastoral beauty of meadow, woodland and silver stream, are seen here, and all at their best.

One is inclined to say that if a visitor had only four days in which to capture a true impression of this country, he would do well to spend two of them in the Thames valley. Preparations for such a voyage are soon made. A large Canadian canoe is perhaps best as it is the easiest craft to work and one which possesses in addition the virtues of roominess and portability. A light kayak can be carried for camping purposes. The first leg of the journey is from Oxford north to Banbury. The whole of this stretch is rich farming country, marked by that peaceful, settled look so characteristic of the Midlands.

The canal winds quietly through waving poppy-studded wheat fields and swelling meadows, with the meditative cattle standing knee-deep in the sweet pastures, while once in a while a small stream flows into the canal, carrying on its way a small boat or a small flock of sheep.

At intervals one comes to tiny villages, usually clustered round the old gray church, and looking, on their stream in the sunlight, the very emblem of ease and peace.

Many Annoying Locks.

It is only sixty-five miles from Oxford to Warwick but there are thirty-three locks and the time spent in negotiating these is one of the chief reasons why the canoe does not pass. These are small in size, having been designed so that one man can work them and admitting only one large of a time also wasted in the extreme heat of the sun and water.

Twenty-seven miles from Oxford to Banbury, famous for its cakes and its ancient stone of the Lady Iken, a Wildfowl. Nowadays it is a prosperous, sheep market town, but still retains a few fine half-timbered houses. The large gray tower in number every house and was a great pile. For there are few more picturesque sights than a fine painted canal barge, towed quietly along by an old farmer with a stout bow in attendance to see that he behaves and tugs are so numerous (20 to 30 miles) as to become a burden, so that it is with relief that one glides through the outbursts of London to the quiet of the Avon about three-quarters of a mile above Warwick.

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with its great Norman keep towering aloft like a giant sentinel, it presents a picture of dignity and strength which remains long in the memory. From Warwick the Avon winds away toward Stratford through the grounds of the castle, and there the extraordinary charm of the English parkland can be realized to the full.

The low-lying fields, covered with the lush green grass and dotted with the golden buttercups and snow-white daisies, stretch away on either side, broken by the trees, singly, in clumps, or great masses, which are the glory of the place. Here is a group of oaks which were saplings when the Armada sailed, and there a giant beech raises its clean, velvet-smooth trunk.

Herds of deer move lazily and securely along, while from all around come the calls of innumerable wildfowl. A noble heron flapping slowly overhead and the great eagle in the background complete the picture. It is a very "haunt of ancient peace."

On leaving the park the course becomes more difficult, and great care is necessary to avoid the shallow and rocky bed which plentifully beset the river bed. Not far beyond is Stratford, the home of Shakespeare.

Sight-seers usually climb the tower of the Memorial theater and look around. The Avon flows gently past the very foot of the building, and close by is crossed by the two ancient bridges, with their many arches, while in the distance is the smiling Midland plain.

The town itself is like many English country towns—quiet, dignified and peaceful. Shakespeare's house lies in a by-street. With its gables, small diamond-paned windows, and framing of oak beams, it is typical of the sixteenth-century middle class house. In the high street is the grammar school where the poet learnt his "little Latin and less Greek," and while still in its quaint, low-ceilinged rooms with their heavy oak beams carries on the tradition of learning. A little farther on is New Place, where Shakespeare spent his last years, but which is now a garden.

Near by, in a still green close, approached by an avenue of shady limes, is the church where the poet lies buried, surrounded by his kinsfolk.

Golden Valley of Evesham.

The 20-mile stretch to Evesham is full of interest. There are no towns and few villages. The prevailing impression is one of remoteness, which is added to by the obstacles that have to be surmounted. It is hard to believe that within a few miles are manufacturing towns, full of busy people. Here everything betokens peace and the absence of man.

Evesham has a fine position in a loop of the river, and is especially famous for its orchards. Lying in a sheltered district called the "Golden valley" its fruit rivals that of Kent, and in springtime the miles and miles of pink and white blossoms, filling the air with their fragrance, make a sight not easily forgotten.

Historically it is the scene of the decisive battle in which the great popular leader, Simon de Montfort, the first man to summon a representative parliament in England, was killed on August 4, 1265. The victor was Prince Edward afterward the great warrior-statesman, Edward I, who as he himself said, learned much from the career of his rival.

The town itself is disappointing. There are two churches storing one churchyard, but they have been "restored" and so robbed of much of their interest. Near by is the Bell tower, a beautiful perpendicular structure standing quite alone, an unusual feature in England, and forming a landmark for miles around.

Below Evesham the river widens, but still keeps its air of quietness. One can glide down reach after reach, all invested with the same spirit of remoteness from man and his doings and all beautiful with the beauty of English meadowland and woods.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. W. J. MacKay, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Grace Philbrook, W. M.; Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerkhof, Sec.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. A. S. Silver, W. G.; B. M. Forbes, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Mr. Alice Little, W. M.; Miss Olive Austin, Secretary.

SUDBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. H. C. Rowe, C. C.; N. C. Machin, K. of R. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 61, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Mildred Lowell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Ester Sanborn, M. of R. and C.

BROWN POST, No. 24, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Hutchins, Commanding Officer; I. C. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Odd Fellows Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. Lillie Burbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Lloyd Luxton, Adjutant.

COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 72, S. OF V., meets first and third Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. Perry Lapham, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursdays evenings of each month. Zenas Merrill, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association, Meeting 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., Miss Gwendolyn Godwin; Secretary, Mrs. Eugene Vandenberg.

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WNU Serv

The story about the ninth century who tells the Peter Corlaer, and strength, with Irish bones, that a pirate "Hook." An nounces the the "notoriety" Hip-Rap. 2 tells Robert Murray, his uncle, comm ship, the Ro is an ardent Robert and one-legged whom Darby ern. Robert woman who is seeki nel O'Donnell the place sh

CHAPTER

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Porto Bello Gold

By
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corlier, chief of fur traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "off the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by the notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Next day Robert and Darby encounter a one-legged sailor, John Silver, whom Darby conducts to a tavern. Robert meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell. He takes her to the place she designates.

CHAPTER II—Continued

He brushed by me with a creak of impatience, and Darby and I followed him to the street. As we all three emerged, Mistress O'Donnell darted up to her father and caught at the lapels of his coat.

"Ah, padre," she cried in a brogue that clotted and slurred her words, "you'll not be holding it against me because I wearied of the ship and would feel the earth crumbling underfoot, and me so lonely for lack of you I was near to weeping the while I sat in my cabin with naught to do but read my Hours!"

He smiled, as must any man have done, flinging his arm around her with a gesture that verged on the theatrical.

"Tush, tush, Molra," he rebuked her gently; "twas unbecoming in you, and in Spanish lands such conduct would lead to trouble. See that you do it not a second time. I will give you in charge of Juan; and, having had your taste of freedom, you must return aboard, for I have matters yet requiring my attention. Ah, yes, and you must thank this gentleman properly for his gallantry. Master Ormerod, my dear! His father is a great merchant of this town."

Mistress O'Donnell swept me a willowy curtsy, and as I bowed acknowledgment I wondered where he had secured such exact information about me.

"Sure, I'll not be after trying to thank you," says my lady to me with a twinkle in her eye. "For I couldn't find the words to express my gratitude. But for you, 'tis an awful lot I'd have made of myself this quarter-hour past."

Colonel O'Donnell hemmed reprovingly.

"Let it be a lesson to you, my girl. My thanks to you again, Master Ormerod. My compliments to your father, if it please you. Good night, sir."

I understood that he wished to be rid of me, and accepted the cue.

"Good night, sir," I replied. "And a fair voyage to you, mistress. If I can be of further service, pray command me."

"No, Master Ormerod, here our paths diverge," she answered softly, and placed her hand upon her father's arm.

A moment later I was hurrying north and west, Darby McGraw chattering beside me.

CHAPTER III

A Caller in the Night

We sat late at dinner that night, for my father must needs have me repeat at length the tale of my experiences during the day, revealing a perturbation unusual in him, although Peter Corlier ate on with placid solemnity.

"I have heard of this Colonel O'Donnell," said my father when I had made an end. "He was in Scotland with Prince Charles—one of the Irish crew who begged a promising venture, if what men say be true. I marvel at his temerity in landing here, for there must be a price upon his head in England. Doubtless he was consorting with some of our Jacobite sympathizers at the Whale's Head—a fitting place for such an intrigue."

"The captain of the frigate called upon the governor this morning, so Master Ormerod told me, with a cock-and-bull story of a mistake in his reckoning that took him north of his course. I smell the taint of a Jacobite flag."

"Mistress O'Donnell said they were for the Florida," I protested. "Sure, they are not far out of their course."

My father smiled for the first time.

"The little maid would have no knowledge of her father's purpose. And if she did—No, no, no, I had my share of plotting in my youth. Our Jacobites are a peripatetic set. But there! In an hour a devilish business we might not hope to reach the truth, nor am I greatly concerned thereof. Most Jacobite plots are ill-planned sallies by desperate, misguided men. No, boy, what lets me most is the lying you had of the one-legged sailor. Silver, you called him? Yes, I like it

not to hear the pirates are outside our harbor. It hath the look of daring beyond the ordinary. If Murray—"

The door behind me opened, and I saw my father's jaw drop. Peter, at my right hand, let his eyelids blink, then went on quietly cracking nuts between his huge fingers.

"Did I hear you call me, Ormerod?"

The voice from the doorway had a chill, level quality that was as resonant as the tolling of a bell.

"If Murray—I thought I heard my name?"

I screeched around in my chair. There in the doorway stood the most remarkable figure I had ever seen. A large man, straight as an arrow despite the years that had planted crows' feet so thickly about his eyes, his square shoulders showed to advantage the exquisite tailoring of the black velvet coat he wore. His small clothes were of a fine yellow damasked silk, and his stockings of silk to match. Diamonds flashed from the buckles of his shoes, his fob, his fingers and the hilt of his dress-sword. A great ruby glowed in the Mecllin Jabot that cascaded from his throat. Over his arm hung a cloak, and under his elbow was tucked a hat cocked in the latest mode.

But it was the memory of his face that abided with you. The features were all big and strongly carved; the nose was a jutting beak above a tight-lipped mouth and a jaw that was brutally square; the eyes were a vivid black, flecked with tawny lights. His hair was of a pure, silvery whiteness and drawn back, clubbed and tied with a black ribbon. His cheeks and brows were furrowed by a maze of wrinkles, yet the flesh seemed as firm as mine. In every way he suggested breeding, gentility, wealth; but there was a combined effect of sinister power and predatory will, a hint of ruthless egotism which took no account of any interests save his own.

He acknowledged my prolonged stare with a slight bow, mildly derisive.

"Your son, Ormerod?" he continued.

"My grandnephew? Robert, I think, you named him, for the redoubtable Master Juggins of London, who aided you to start life anew after you had contrived to wreck yourself upon the rocks of a forewarned Jacobite career."

My father rose slowly to his feet.

"Yes, he is my son, Murray. It is neither his fault nor mine that he is also your grandnephew. As to his name, Robert Juggins was a better man than you or I, and you cannot inspire my son against me by hinting at hidden chapters of my early life. He knows that I was deluded into serving the Stuarts, and lived to learn that country comes before king."

The man in the doorway nodded his head.

"I would not seem discourteous," he remarked suavely. "I note another old friend, Ormerod—or perhaps I should say an old enemy. Permit me to observe, Corlier, that you wear well with the years—as well as myself, indeed."

Peter squeezed a hickory nut between his forefinger and thumb and looked up vacantly into Murray's face.

"Ja," he said.

"Least you should be tempted by some misapprehension," pursued Murray. "At my informant you that I have every reason to suppose myself safe from any measures you might take against me. I hope to do what I have come here for tonight without injuring anybody, and if you gentlemen will listen to me quietly for a few moments I am confident that the issue will be harmless for all of us."

He cast his cloak and hat upon a chair by the fire, and put his hand upon the vacant one betwixt my father and me.

"May I?" he asked.

My father, still standing, said nothing; and Murray, with a shrug, accepted the silence for consent, sank gracefully into the seat and drew a golden snuffbox, studded with brilliant stones, from a pocket.

"With your permission," he said, springing the cover.

A fragrant whiff of snuff tobacco tickled my senses as he offered it generally.

"'Tis excellent stuff," he remarked. "Hillo Rip-Rap. What? None of you? Ah, then—"

He dusted a pinch under his nose, inhaled and faintly used his handkerchief, a bare-edged scarred such as women carry.

My father leaned forward across the table, a blaze of hatred in his face.

"'Tis true, then?"

Murray regarded him in some surprise.

"True? My dear sir, I assured you 'twas Rip-Rap."

My father turned to Peter and me.

"After I told you about this man, Robert—I hoped that I was wrong—that I had done him an injustice. But now he has convicted himself out of his own lips."

Murray gently deposited the snuffbox upon the table in front of him.

"Ah," he murmured. "I see! You were referring to my nickname, or shall we say, some de guerre?"

My father laughed bitterly.

"Nomme de guerre? Name of a

pirate! But let us have it, fair and open, Andrew Murray. Are you Captain Rip-Rap?"

"I suppose most people would agree with your description," replied Murray; "although personally I prefer the word buccaneer. It is susceptible to so much wider use, and there is about it a suggestion of— However, we are not interested here tonight in the more abstruse branches of etymology. I am the person popularly known on the high seas as Captain Rip-Rap, and I fancy I might have logical grounds for arguing that if any disgrace adheres to me by that admission, 'twas you, Ormerod, who drove me to the practice of what you call piracy."

"Tis like you to take that tone," said my father. "If drove you from the practice of what amounted to piracy on the land. There is no difference in the way you earn your livelihood today, Murray. You were an outlaw, and you are an outlaw."

"I fear you are incapable of doing me justice," sighed Murray. "You should know that I have always labored to serve higher ends than the mere sordid pursuit of money, such as has possessed you and those like you."

He swung around suddenly upon "But I am forgetting my purpose!" he cried. "Stand up, grandnephew, and let me have a look at you."

I would not have heeded him, but my father said quickly:

"Do as he asks you, Robert. I'd not have him think you are crooked in the legs."

So I stood.

"A likely build," he remarked warmly. "You favor your father, I see—save in the face, if may be. There you are your mother, my maid Marjory. Ah, sweet child, would she were with us now! A sad loss; a sad loss, lad."

The expression which came to my father's face was terrible in its intensity of passion. He leaned closer to Murray, white to the cheekbones, his nostrils flared.

"Murray," he said, "make an end of such talk! As you value your life, mention her not again. I know not what cards you hold up your sleeve here, but if we all die in the next moment I will slay you as you sit if you profane her memory with your foul tongue."

Murray stared up at him coolly and took a pinch of snuff.

"Ah, well, you were always prejudiced," he answered. "I— But it serves no purpose to reopen old wounds. I am of one mind with you there."

He leaned abruptly across the table. "I will be frank with you, Ormerod—and with Nephew Robert here. I am somewhat in difficulties—"

"If 'tis money—" began my father.

My great-uncle's gesture was sufficient check to this.

"I am not in difficulties for money, although I am like to be in difficulties shortly in connection with an embarrassing quantity of it. In fine, sir, I am upon the point of launching the coup of my career, one which will entail consequences of a stupendous character, and in the end, I venture to predict, echo in throne-rooms and chancelleries. Aye, kingdoms shall—"

He broke off.

"It is not necessary that I should go into this for the present. Let me say that I am in the position of a man who has partially turned an unwieldy hand of wild animals. My own ship I can rely upon to a certain point, but I have associated with me—"

"That would be Flint?" interjected my father.

"I am flattered by the knowledge of my affairs which you display," replied my great-uncle with one of his courtly inclinations. "Yes, I had occasion, when I first went to sea, for a competent navigator. Flint served me in that capacity until I became independent, and I then fired him out with his own ship. We have been in company since. I am not betraying a professional secret when I add that he is a man whose unbridled force of personality is offset by a certain timidity and weakness of all which make him difficult to handle—increasingly difficult to handle. I may say, I foresee trouble with him in the future in connection with the coup to which I have already referred. I re-

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quire a young man to stand at my elbow and assist me in curbing unruly spirits. I promise a great future for such."

"Command of his own pirate craft, no doubt?" pressed my father.

"That would be an offer to draw most stout youths," returned my great-uncle. "Bah, what is piracy, that you and your kind prate against it, Ormerod? Is it any worse in character than four-fifths of the business practiced in this world? What are you and those like you but men who seek to deprive others of their lawful gains that you may add to your stores what the others possessed? I take from the wealthy, who can afford to lose, what they have dishonestly got, more often than not, and much of what I win I contribute to the Cause to which you gave your first loyalty."

"An admirable code of ethics," observed my father. "But come to the point. What will you have? That I should apprentice Robert to you to be indentured a good, honest, trusting and skillful pirate?"

"Even so."

My father sat back in his chair. "I'll not," he said.

Murray treated himself to a pinch of snuff.

"What does our young man himself say?" he asked.

"I say that you offer me no inducement," I answered as shortly as I could.

"Oddsif," he swore. "No inducement? My dear nephew, I offer you an open, bracing life—for a brief space; a share in a brave venture; an opportunity to rehabilitate your family, to rise to place, title and honor."

"From a pirate's den?" I jeered.

"From a pirate's den?" he corrected me gravely. "I am on my last cruise. The Royal James is to vindicate her name. Aye, in years to come she will be regarded as a shrine of loyalty and devotion, and to have sailed with Andrew Murray in her—Why, sir, who remembers today of Robin Hood aught but that he was true to King Richard in adversity?"

The man's surety was amazing.

"This passes all reason," said my father wearily. "You must be insane."

"Not at all," retorted my great-uncle. "I am the leading practitioner of my profession. Winter, Davis,

Robert, Bellamy, all the more noted—ah—pirates of recent years, were small fry compared to me. I tell you, Ormerod, you stand in the boy's way."

"He is not a boy, but a man," snapped my father. "And able to judge his own course."

"So be it."

My great-uncle turned to me once more.

"It appears this decision is left betwixt us two, Nephew Robert," he said. "So I must inform you that I am determined to have your aid in any event by force, if you will not accompany me reasonably."

There was a snap as a brass cut split apart in Peter's grip. Murray waved an airy hand in his direction.

"'Tis true that you are the most powerful man I ever met, Corlier," he remarked. "Yet I urge you not to attempt violence. I have sufficient men in the house to overpower you, and I should not hesitate to slay Ormerod or you at need. The boy is the only one of you three whose life hath value to me."

"He means it, Peter," said my father. "Keep your hands down."

"Ja," squeaked Peter.

"You were ever a wise man, Ormerod!" resumed my great-uncle. "I venture to congratulate you upon the soundness of your judgment. Now for you, Nephew Robert. Come with me and I will prefer that you come willingly. Therefore I lay before you

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Community Building

House Design Should

Guard Against Fire

When one reads the reports which indicate the tremendous losses sustained by people in the United States on account of conflagrations, it is readily agreed that fire-stopping cannot safely or wisely be ignored by the home builder. The safety of the family and the preservation of the structural integrity of the home in large measure depend upon it.

The remedies for these fire hazards which are created by carelessness have been discussed in many books and newspaper and magazine articles. Yet in spite of these warnings fires continue to occur.

Though personal carelessness is the most common cause of fire, hazards of construction are an important factor in determining the extent of resulting property damage. One of the chief considerations in connection with these hazards is involved in fire stopping.

The usual methods employed in building small houses give but slight consideration to construction which will retard the progress of fire. Most such houses contain many concealed spaces which will allow fire to gain headway without discovery, to eat its way from floor to floor, and then suddenly to leap into open flame. There now exists a very real need for easily understood drawings of fire-stopping details which when employed in actual construction will confine fire to its place of origin, and thus reduce to a minimum the excessive preventable annual fire loss in this country.

Well-Marked Streets

of Prime Importance

Progressive citizens of Boston have decided that "a signless city is an abomination to its citizens and particularly to its visitors." After a campaign their signs are to be placed on every corner. These signs are to be visible, conspicuous, uniform and durable.

Champaign is fast becoming a signless city. Many street signs are missing and others are too old and obscure to be of value. Many important intersections are not marked.

Another troubling season approaches. Strangers will be as bewildered as ever unless some arrangement is made to guide them about the city by means of well-marked streets. Important entries to the city, the business section, main routes and streets should at least be marked and provision made to place signs on minor streets later.

Champaign is too progressive a community to remain a signless city much longer.—Champaign News Gazette.

Boy Scouts as Firemen

Boy scout firemen are real assets to a city. Their duty is to stop the fire before it happens—safety first. These organized units receive their instruction from some veterans in the municipal fire department. They make regular inspections for fire hazards in their districts. Are fire escapes clear, dark hallways unobscured by rubbish and gasoline, kerosene and other inflammables stored in safe places? They learn different types of fire-fighting apparatus and how to administer first aid. In the event of fire they help the police preserve the fire lines, act as messengers and otherwise render efficient service. Nearly 10,000 scouts won a special merit badge in firemanship last year.—Harvey B. Brainerd in the American City.

Red cedar shingles will not require frequent repainting or restaining, as is the case with walls built of many other materials. This is especially so when good stain is used.

Red cedar shingle roofs should be properly treated with a reliable creosote stain. Avoid stain mixed with kerosene or benzene. Shingle sidewalks may be stained in a wide range of shades. Certain alkali gray is popular to produce quickly a "weathered" effect. Soft sage green, golden brown, deep brown, reddish brown, walnut tones—all these and more are to be had in finest quality. The red cedar shingle responds to any of them and retains them faithfully. It does not rot, rust or corrode.

Consider Before Planting

In regard to the placing of trees and, with respect to larger property, the design and construction of their grounds (road building, grading, disposition of lawn areas, gardens, whether formal or informal, and all other features of beauty and service) able counsel should be obtained. It is desirable that trees and shrubs, when transplanted to beautiful grounds, should be well placed, both scientifically and artistically, in order that they may form a permanent and beautiful planting.

Advertisement Pays

Modesty is an admirable human quality, too little cultivated to drug the market. As a municipal character, however, it is as much out of place as a prairie schooner on a speedway. It fails to register in a go-get-em age. Unless a community advertises its merits the world thinks it has none.

Leading to Success

We are told that constant dripping of water will wear away stones. So will continuous endeavor overcome obstacles to any worthwhile undertaking. Persistent adherence to right purpose creates a "successful life" in the best meaning of that term.—Only

"An Inkling of the Plot" in next week's installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Miller Sleeps Like Log, Eats Anything

"After taking Adierika I can eat anything and sleep like a log. I had gas on the stomach and couldn't keep food down nor sleep." (signed) R. C. Miller. ONE spoonful Adierika removes GAS and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Often brings out old waste-matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for chronic constipation. W. E. Bosserman, Drugist.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published, three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1926, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Edgar H. Morgan late of Greenwood, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Roy M. Morgan as executor of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will presented by said Roy M. Morgan, the executor therein named.

Hershey E. Fernald late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Ellery C. Park as executor of the same presented by said Ellery C. Park, the executor therein named.

Paulus Lowe late of Bethel, deceased; second account presented for allowance by Louisa E. Lowe, administratrix. Claude C. Abbott of Orono, adult ward; second account presented for allowance by Eunice Abbott, guardian.

Minnie A. Cross late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Ellery C. Park, the executor therein named.

Mabel B. Carpenter late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Frank A. Brown as executor of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will presented by said Frank A. Brown, the executor therein named.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 15th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Edith J. Cummings, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make payment immediately.

DAISY E. PHILLBROOK,

Bethel, Maine.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Charles M. Kimball late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make payment immediately.

CRYLON M. KIMBALL,

Bethel, Maine.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Abner H. Bean late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make payment immediately.

ELLERY C. PARK,

Bethel, Maine.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Daniel M. Kimball late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make payment immediately.

FRANK A. BROWN,

Bethel, Maine.

NEWBY

Walter Reed of New York has been staying a few days at a summer home here. He also went to Upton for two days. He returned to New York, Sunday.

Mrs. Lawrence McPherson of Bethel and some friends called at Duncan McPherson's last Monday.

Miss Bertha Bailey of Kennebunk Beach was in town last week calling on friends.

C. H. L. Powers called on Mr. and Mrs. H. H. H. last Monday.

The bridge over Powers Brook is nearly completed.

Miss Bertha Rogers has gone away for a short vacation.

R. T. Trippe is at work for Mark A. A. A.



STUPID ALLIGATORS

"It is said," remarked Arthur Alligator, "that when we are free and not in the zoo we begin by being eggs and end up by being alligators, and that in the time between we are covered with sand and lie where it is hot so as to hatch out."

"But I was hatched out in the zoo. I am quite a creature, I am."

"Now, Arthur Alligator," said Allen Alligator, "remember how I have grown since I have been here and don't boast too much."

"Not too much," said Arthur, "but just a little. You see, I was a great big alligator when I was born, and I am growing larger all the time."

"How interesting," said Allen Alligator.

"Well, you thought I was interesting that you had grown since you came to the zoo, so why isn't it interesting when I tell you how I have grown since I was born in the zoo?" asked Arthur.

"Because I am more interested in myself," said Allen.

"As far as that is concerned," said Arthur, "I don't suppose either of us are particularly interesting."

"We like to eat and sleep more than anything."

"Eating is the only thing we pay any attention to and our food is our joy."

"We grow because we are given lots of room and light—and plenty of food."

"When we aren't eating we usually are sleeping because it is not worth while to be doing anything else."

"People only consider us interesting because we are queer looking."

"They are a little afraid of us, too."

"Well," said Allen, "they might just as well be afraid of us for if we were hungry and we got hold of one of them we might have an ear or a hand for a little appetizer."

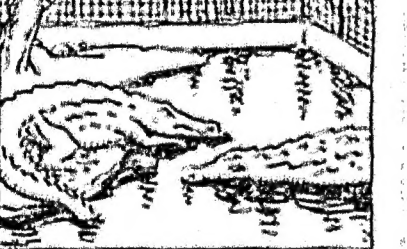
"That is in our eagerness to get food we would see what they might have to offer and grab at them."

"They don't like to lose their hands or ears, I suppose."

"I suppose not," said Arthur.

"Oh," he added, "we have one thing of which to be proud."

"Even though we may be stupid and uninteresting, and that is what the



"They Are a Little Afraid of Us."

keeper told a visitor to the zoo that we were, were of the fact of the class.

"He told someone that alligators were the lowest species of animals, meaning that we were more stupid and dull and all such things than any others."

"It's something to be proud of when we're at the very foot of the class."

"We're not stuck anywhere in the middle as though of no importance."

"We actually have our own position of stupidity—right at the bottom."

"It wouldn't be such a distinction—even such a stupid distinction—to be third from the foot of the class or fourth or fifth or even second."

"To be at the foot of the class is really getting somewhere in the line of stupidity."

"And we did it without any effort. We got our position without any trouble."

"We did," said the other alligator.

But it only goes to show how stupid they are when they have no wish to be different, and, in fact, are well pleased with their stupidity and their dull ways, and their two interests only of sleeping and eating.

Careful of His Trousers

Teddy was starting off to visit a playmate who owned a boisterous little dog. "Now be careful," warned mother, "and don't let Tige tear your clothes as he did last time."

But Teddy enjoyed himself too much to be careful, and when he came home the entire seat of his trousers had gone. His mother said "Oh, oh!" at the door on his return. "Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, "surely you didn't walk home like that?"

"It's all right, ma," replied the little chap. "No one saw me, for I walked all the way backward."

All's Well

Father—Ye were seen at the pictures the night of last week, wasn't ye?

Son—Aye, she had two free tickets.

Father—That's a right then. Only I feared there was a catch in it.

Playful Grandpa

"You are choking me with your hoop, Jean-Claude—I won't play horse any more."

"But you aren't a horse, grandpa. I'm holding the steering wheel of an automobile."—Paris Illustration.

EAST BETHEL

The ladies of the East Bethel Farm Bureau division held an all day meeting at the Grange Hall, Wednesday, June 16. Miss Gladys Page, Home Demonstration Agent, was present. Subject of the meeting, "Foundation Waist Patterns" was to be used at the Clothing School in August. Most delicious refreshments were served at noon.

Mr. Urban Bartlett, Mrs. Carrie Bartlett and Mrs. Rose Bartlett motored to Portland and return, Saturday. Mrs. Carrie Bartlett journeyed on to Malden, Mass., the guest of her sister, Mrs. Leona Blake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon Kimball motored to Lewiston and return the past week.

Schools closed here Friday, June 18, with the usual picnic. By the kindness of Mr. S. B. Newton the school picnic was invited and given the use of his new hall recently built and a most delightful time was enjoyed with all kinds of refreshments, playing games and singing. It is with deep regret that these teachers' resignations are to be accepted. Five years of devoted instruction for the best interests of their schools have endeared them to all. Miss Maud Cummings of the grammar school will attend Farmington Normal School. Miss Laura Cummings Bartlett, primary school, will attend Domestic Arts. Miss May Cuddehe of the grammar room was not absent or tardy during the past year. These absent from one to four days were Pauline Harrington and Agnes Howe, one day; Hilda Reed, 2 1/2 days; Norah Foster, 3 days; Eva and Lillian Harrington, 4 days. In the primary room not absent one day during the past year were Eugene Burns, Ellen Burns, Fred Harrington, James Farwell, Willard Farwell; not absent only four days were Rodney Howe, Harris Tyler, Nellie Harrington and Grace Foster. Eugene Burns not absent only one day since starting in school four years ago. Mellen Kimball, Edward Holt, Lawrence Tyler, Hazel Billings and Louis Farrar, one year in school, are promoted. Forty five different birds seen. Agnes Howe won the prize for the most seen, which was seventeen. Sixty-two different flowers brought in during the spring term. Eva Harrington won the prize for the most which was thirty-three.

SONGO POND

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rich arrived from New York and spent their vacation at "The Boat," for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Rich are visiting the pond. Mr. Rich is a well known fisherman.

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the Union Church were held Sunday. E. A. Giddsworth is the pastor for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and children are occupying the rent vacated by Ira Bennett. Mr. Merrill is doing the electrical work in the village for the Central Maine Power Co.

Fletcher I. Bean was in South Paris one day last week.

Dorothy and Sylvia Grover are ill with the measles.

Mr. Fred Jordan of Portland was in town one day last week.

Mrs. Lucy Cushing spent a few days in Bethel last week.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Donahue were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy G. Wardwell.

Hugh and Leo Stearns are prepping for Elmer Henley.

Several from this vicinity attended the Dresser School reunion Saturday, June 19th. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

Miss June Brown, a graduate from Bridgton Academy, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Grover and son, Robert, were Sunday guests at Howard Allen's.

Mr. Carroll Lewis spent the week end at Lester Allen's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Andrews and son, Roy, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy G. Wardwell were in Norway and South Paris last week Wednesday.

The Church will meet at the church every Thursday evening, June 24.

There will be a dance at the Grange Hall, Friday evening, June 25. A box of chocolates given away beside other special features. All come and have a good time.

All who attended church Sunday had the privilege of hearing Mr. Wilson who has come to assist in the United Parish during the summer. He gave a very interesting talk which was much enjoyed.

Mrs. Angie Bean, who has spent the winter in Massachusetts, has returned to her home at Hunt's Corner. Her grandchild, Abigail Bean, is staying with her.

The Bethel school reunion will be held next Saturday, June 26th.

Middle Intervale Road

Mrs. A. B. Bennett is leaving Mrs. B. Bennett to take children to a picnic at the pond.

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IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

INSURE

YOUR FUTURE

By a constructive plan of saving a definite sum on each pay day. Without such a plan, the business of amassing money is almost hopeless.

To save a portion of your income regularly, where the habit is once acquired is as natural as breathing and the final reward is financial independence.

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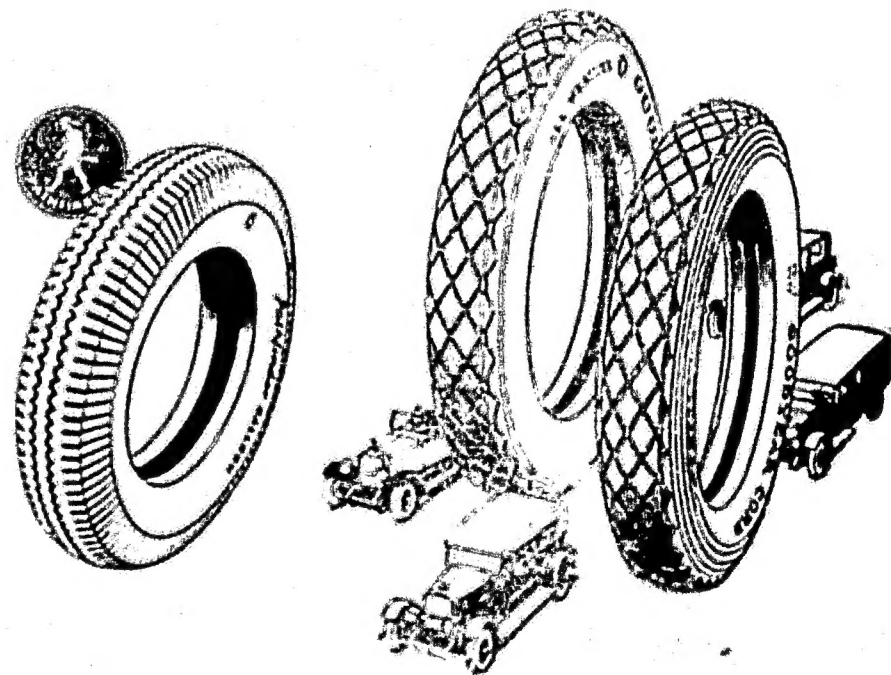
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